

CLASS OF 1812

MARTIN FITCH

Martin Fitch was from Salem, N. Y. His name was starred in the Triennial of 1823.

Catalogue of the Graduates of Middlebury College
p. 30 Class of 1812 at Middlebury

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MARTIN FITCH

Son of Hon. Asa Fitch, M. D., of Salem, N. Y., and Abigail Martin Fitch. She was the daughter of Col. Adam Martin.

He was born June 9th, 1793.

Married Sophia P., daughter of Major James Harvey of Salem.

Died June 1, 1816.

No children.

Fitch Genealogy p. 137
Prof. Asa Fitch.

In 1816 he (Dr. Asa Fitch) experienced the greatest disappointment of his life in the loss of his eldest son, Martin, who had graduated at Middlebury College, studied medicine with him, and surgery with the distinguished Dr. Valentine Mott, of New York. It had for many years been the cherished purpose of the father to have his son succeed him; but when he was nearly prepared to enter upon his profession, that fell destroyer, consumption, fastened upon him and carried him to his grave.

History of Washington County, N. Y. p. 185
Johnson.

MARTIN FITCH, son of Asa and Abigail (Martin) Fitch.
Born in Salem, N. Y., June 9, 1793. Medical student, New York City. Married Sophia Harvey, March 16, 1814. A. B. Died in Salem, N. Y., June 1, 1816.

General Catalogue
Middlebury College
Edgar J. Wiley,
1917.

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DIED:-In this town, on Saturday last, Mr. Martin Fitch, eldest son of the Hon. Asa Fitch. His funeral was attended on the day following, when a very great concourse of people assembled to witness and assist in the last sad tokens of respect to his remains. He was in the 23rd year of his age, and fell a victim to the consumption, that most destructive disease, which defies the healing art, and "sweeps into the grave, with unsparing fury, genius, youth, and beauty; all that can adorn, embellish, and illuminate society." In contemplating the early death of this most promising and truly amiable young man, Kirk White's solemn exclamation recurs to the mind with peculiar force.

"Ah, who can say, however fair his view,
"Through what sad scenes his path may lie!
"Ah, who can give to others' woes his sigh,
"Secure his own will never need it too! "

In 1812 Martin Fitch graduated from Middlebury College, and immediately commenced the study of medicine, which he was pursuing with great assiduity, in the city of New York, when seized with the disease which has now proved fatal. This was in the winter of 1815, some months after he had very happily connected himself in marriage with the eldest daughter of Maj. James Harvey, formerly of this village, now of Westchester county. In the spring, his health being partially restored, he returned, with his consort, to Salem, where under the parental roof every means which conjugal and parental affection could devise were attempted to arrest the progress of his disease; flattering symptoms excited the fondest hopes, while the insidious ravager was without intermission.

"Slow sapping the warm current of existence."

But it is comforting to reflect that his sickness seemed sanctified, and he was enabled by Divine grace to see the hand of Mercy ordaining and mitigating his afflictions. A few weeks since, while both he and his friends were entertaining hopes of his recovery, he made a public profession of his faith in the Lord Jesus, and was admitted to communion with the Presbyterian Church in this village. And from the state of his mind previous to his dissolution, his friends can entertain no doubt of his having entered upon the inheritance of a happy immortality.

The dignity of his deportment, the energy of his mind and the affability of his manners had gained him the respect and esteem of all who knew him. As a man he was frank, generous and enterprising:-- As a student diligent, ambitious and successful:-- As a friend warm, affectionate and sincere: And in the more tender relations of life he was all that fond partiality could desire.

But, alas! The flower of youth, scarcely opened, is snatched from the stem of life by a rude attack of mortality. The fairest prospects of domestic felicity, personal honor and public usefulness are blasted--"the warm hopes of his friends wrecked in a moment--and the deep, the dreadful wound inflicted in the feelings of relatives and the dearest connexion."

Martin Fitch

1812

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